Muſt my ſweet *Nan* preſent the *Fairie Queene*;
The purpoſe why, is here: in which diſguiſe
While other Ieſts are ſomething ranke on ſoote,
Her father hath commanded her to ſlip
Away with *Slender*, and with him, at *Eaton*
Immediately to Marry; She hatſt conſented. Now Sir,
Her Mother, (euen ſtrong againſt that match
And firme for Doctor *Caius*) hath appointed
That he ſhall likewiſe ſhuffle her away,
While other ſports are tasking of their mindes,
And at the *Deanry*, where a *Prieſt* attends
Strait marry her: to this her Mothers plot
She (ſeemingly obedient) likewiſe hath
Made promiſe to the *Doctor*; Now, thus it reſts,
Her Father meanes ſhe ſhall be all in white;
And in that habit, when *Slender* ſees his time
To take her by the hand, and bid her goe.
She ſhall go with him; her Mother hath intended
(The better to deuote her to the *Doctor*;
For they muſt all be mask'd, and vizarded)
That quaint in greene, ſhe ſhall be looſe en-roab'd,
With Ribonds pendant, flaring 'bout her head;
And when the Doctor ſpies his vantage ripe,
To pinch her by the hand, and on that token,
The maid hath giuen conſent to go with him.

Hoſt. Which meanes ſhe to deceiue? Father, or Mother.

Fen. Both (my good Hoſt) to go along with me:
And heere it reſts, that you'l procure the Vicar
To ſtay for me at Church, 'twixt twelue, and one,
And in the lawfull name of marrying,
To giue our hearts vnited ceremony.

Hoſt. Well, husband your deuice; Ile to the Vicar,
Bring you the Maid, you ſhall not lacke a Prieſt.

Fen. So ſhall I euermore be bound to thee;
Beſides, ile make a preſent recompence.

Exeunt.

Actus

Actus Quintus. Scæna Prima.

Enter Falſtaffe, Quickly, and Ford.

Fal. Pre'thee no more pratling; goe, ile ho
third time: I hope good lucke lies in odde nu
go, they ſay there is Diuinity in odde Numb
natiuity, chance, or death: away.

Qui. Ile prouide you a chaine, and ile do w
get you a paire of hornes.

Fal. Away I ſay, time weares, hold vp yo
mince. How now Maſter *Broome*? Maſter *Broo*
will be knowne to night, or neuer. Bee you
about midnight, at Hernes-Oake, and
wonders.

Ford. Went you not to her yeſterday (Sir
me you had appointed?

Fal. I went to her (Maſter *Broome*) as
poore-old-man, but I came from her (M
like a poore-old woman; that ſame knaue (
band) hath the fineſt mad diuell of iealouſie
Broome) that euer gouern'd Frenſie. *I* will te
me greeuouſly, in the ſhape of a woman: (
of Man (Maſter *Broome*) *I* feare not
Weauers beame, becauſe *I* know alſo, life
am in haſt, go along with mee, ile tell
Broome:) ſince *I* pluckt Geeſe, plaide Trew
Top, *I* knew not what 'twas to be beaten, ti
me, ile tell you ſtrange things of this knaue
to night *I* will be reuenged, and *I* will deliu
your hand. Follow, ſtrange things in hand (
follow.